Number Four

CRIMINAL™

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image®

by
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Orphans

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March, 1993

Ricky Lawless had been awake for five days and it was becoming a problem.

Manny's Auto Body

AUTO SERVICE

AUTO BODY

OUT OF BUSINESS

He hadn't planned on staying up this long...

But the guy he stole cars for had paid him partly in *crystal* last week.

Ricky usually avoided speed or coke, because he always had trouble with them.

He could never pace himself.

He just did *lines* every twenty minutes or so until it was all gone.

But he'd never had *this much* before.

His eyes felt raw... The roof of his mouth was in nearly constant pain...

And he was starting to hallucinate.

Snnnfffftt

First it was just shapes, out of the corner of his eye...

AHH... *SHIT*...

Then it was people walking past him on the sidewalk, but when he looked back they weren't there.

Or the car that tried to run him off the road on the way here... Only when he turned to yell at it, there ***was*** no car.

Even standing here waiting, he keeps thinking he's seeing a guy walking out of the back office...

But he tries to ignore it.

He should probably flush the rest of this crystal, he knows...

But he figures it'll run out tomorrow anyway.

Manny's Auto Body

OUT OF

And then he can *sleep* for a few days...

When he doesn't have more important things to do.

ARE YOU GARY'S FRIEND?

YEAH... YOU'RE *FINN*?

SORRY I'M *LATE*...

MY PAROLE OFFICER WAS BEING A SERIOUS PAIN IN MY ASS.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT... YOU'RE HERE *NOW*...

YOU WANNA DO A LINE?
FUCK YES, I DO...
BUT I STILL GOT A YEAR OF PISS TESTS...

AHH... SORRY ABOUT THAT.
NOT YOUR PROBLEM...

SO... WHERE WERE YOU LOCKED UP?
SAN MARCOS?

YEAH, FOR FIVE FUCKING YEARS.

THINK MY FRIEND'S DAD WAS UP THERE FOR A WHILE.
THERE'S A LOTTA GUYS UP THERE.

SO, MCMILLAN SAID YOU WERE LOOKING AT A CHECK CASHING PLACE?

The ghost figure was walking out of the back office again...

And for a half a second, Ricky thought it looked like someone he knew.

SORRY... WHAT?

YOU OKAY?

I'M FINE... JUST A LITTLE TIRED.

ANYWAY, YEAH... THE CHECK CASHING PLACE.

CAN YOU GRAB THAT MAP FOR ME?

WHAT MAP...?

KKRAAK

HKK -- !

WNNK

GNNCH

...WKKK...
HHH...

AH...
FUCK...

WHERE
DID I PUT THOSE
HANDCUFFS...?

Ricky does one more line, then he leaves the guy cuffed and gagged.

He focuses on the road, trying to block out the ghost images on the periphery...

...But it's a tense drive to his ex-girlfriend's place anyway.

RICKY...?

HEY, DO I STILL HAVE SOME *CLOTHES* HERE?

I THINK I LEFT MY JACKET AND SOME PANTS AND STUFF...

WHAT *IS* THIS?

ARE YOU DRUNK?

NO... NOT AT *ALL*...

I'VE ACTUALLY BEEN UP A FEW DAYS... WORKING ON SOMETHING...

SO YOU'RE BACK ON *SPEED?*

NOT... LIKE *THAT*...

SOMEONE JUST *GAVE* ME SOME.

WELL, GET YOUR STUFF AND GO, THEN...

I HAVE TO BE AT WORK IN A FEW HOURS.

YOU'RE BACK ON THE LATE SHIFT?

A shape moves out of the bedroom and across the hall...

YEAH, DUMMY... I HAVE CLASS MOST DAYS...

And Ricky's mind goes red with jealousy...

...REMEMBER?

...before he realizes it's nothing, again.

...OH, YEAH... COLLEGE...

JESUS, YOU'RE A MESS... HAVE YOU EATEN?

...MOUTH HURTS TOO MUCH TO EAT...

HEY LOOK, JEN... CAN YOU HELP ME WITH SOMETHING?

WHAT?

I NEED TO FIND LEO...

LIKE... *TONIGHT*...

I DON'T THINK THAT'S SUCH A GREAT IDEA.

COME ON...

I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE'S LIVING NOW AND YOU KNOW GNARLY ISN'T GONNA TELL *ME*...

MAYBE YOU SHOULD JUST LEAVE HIM ALONE.

PLEASE... I'M TRYING TO FIX THINGS, JEN.

ALL RIGHT... BUT *I'M* DRIVING, *TWEAKER*.

Ricky had been 86'd from *The Undertow* for a few years...

But no one said anything when he and Jenny walked in.

Still, he stayed out of the bartender's way while she talked to him...

...Just in case.

When he was a kid, his dad would make him and his brother sit in the car whenever he met friends here.

Tracy got tired of waiting once and wandered off. Got in big trouble later.

But Ricky never did anything like that. He kept his eyes on the entrance, watching people come and go...

Wondering which ones were planning crimes with his father... And wishing he could be sitting in there with them, like a sidekick.

Yet now, he can't wait to get out of here. His ten-year-old self wouldn't believe it.

JESUS, JENNY...

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO GET A FUCKING *ADDRESS?*

He wonders if he has enough time to do another ***line*** in the bathroom.

And then, as he turns his head... he sees that same ***ghost figure*** he recognized before...

...Only this time it doesn't disappear when he looks at it.

When you go without sleep for too long, you don't just start *seeing* weird things...

...You start *thinking* them, too.

Like that maybe there's a ***reason*** for the things you keep seeing...

Maybe they're glimpses into another plane of reality...

Or maybe they're ***ghosts***...

...Trying to send you a message from beyond.

HEY KIDDO... WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE...?

DAD...?

THE FUCK'RE YOU LOOKIN' AT?

BACK OFF, BITCH.

Ricky's brother had taught him how to take on guys bigger than him...

...MOTHER FUCK...

Vulnerable places to attack first. Eyes. Throat. Knees. Ears. Fingers.

SMAK

But he forgets all of that right now.

Maybe he doesn't even want to win this one.

KRAAK

...UHH... FUKK...

YOU ALIVE ENOUGH TO *WALK?*

YEAH... I'M OKAY...

THEN WALK THE FUCK *OUT* OF HERE.

DON'T BRING HIM AROUND AGAIN.

I WON'T... I'M *SORRY*, GNARLY.

NOT YOUR FAULT.

FIGHTING... IN HERE?

WHAT THE HELL IS *WRONG* WITH YOU?

...FUCK...

...I DON'T KNOW...

...BUT HEAR ME OUT... WHAT IF IT'S **NOT** JUST ME **IMAGINING** THINGS?

LIKE WHAT IF THERE'S SOME **PATTERN** OR SOMETHING?

LIKE WHAT HUXLEY SAID ABOUT THE **DOORS** OF PERCEPTION... OR ROBERT ANTON WILSON...

THERE'S **MORE** TO REALITY THAN WHAT OUR EYES CAN **SEE**...

BUT MAYBE WHEN YOU'RE **REALLY** SLEEP-DEPRIVED, YOU START SEEING INTO OTHER PLANES OF **EXISTENCE**...

LIKE I SAW SOME GUY WALKING INTO **TRAFFIC** THREE TIMES YESTERDAY...

AND THIS OTHER DUDE UNDER A CAR THAT WAS UP ON A **JACK**... LIKE MAYBE IT WAS ABOUT TO FALL ON HIM AND CRUSH HIM?

AND I STARTED THINKING... WHAT IF I'M SEEING **GHOSTS** REENACTING THE MOMENTS BEFORE THEIR DEATH...?

OR - OR - WHAT IF IT'S LIKE A **RIPPLE** IN TIME?

AND I'M STARTING TO COME **UNSTUCK**, LIKE THE GUY IN **SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE**...

I MEAN, I'M JUST THINKING **OUT LOUD**... BUT...

IT SORTA MAKES SOME KIND OF **SENSE**... DOESN'T IT?

UH... NO. NOT REALLY.

THAT'S THE KIND OF SHIT THAT GETS YOU LOCKED UP FOR OBSERVATION, RICKY.

OH, WHATEVER ... DON'T MAKE A BIG DEAL OUT OF IT..

I'M JUST TALKING.

SO... THIS IS WHERE LEO'S CRASHING?

YEAH... IT'S HIS UNCLE'S PLACE.

DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANYONE'S HOME.

PROBABLY OUT SCOUTING A JOB.

OR MAYBE HE'S AT HIS GIRLFRIEND'S PLACE.

HE'S GOT A GIRLFRIEND?

YEAH, SOME REDHEAD. I MET HER ONCE.

SEEMS NICE ENOUGH.

HUH... GOOD FOR HIM.

LOOK, I GOTTA BE AT WORK SOON... WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO?

GUESS I'M GONNA WAIT *HERE*...

YOU CAN TAKE THE TRUCK...

JUST WIPE IT DOWN AND TOSS THE *KEYS* WHEN YOU DUMP IT.

JESUS CHRIST, RICKY...

YOU *ASSHOLE.*

WHAT?

WHAT?!

Ricky watches her drive away, wondering what her problem is...

SCRRCH

Then he sees darkness at the edge of his vision...

And men made of shadow running down the street after her...

HEY, RICKY...

RICK.

...OH... FUCK...

...TIME IS IT...?

JUST AFTER SEVEN...

WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?

I CAME TO SEE YOU...

LAST NIGHT.

WHY?

WHAT...?

WHY'D YOU COME HERE?

OH... UH...

It had been at least two years since Ricky last saw ***Leo Patterson***...

And for a while before that, their friendship had been strained, at best.

There was too much damage between them...

And too much blame to spread around for it...

...I'VE GOT THIS THING LINED UP, THIS *CHECK CASHING* PLACE...

But most of it fell on Ricky.

JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT *IN*...

NO, THANKS.

I'VE GOT MY *OWN* STUFF GOING ON.

SEEYA LATER, I GUESS...

THERE'S *ANOTHER* REASON, TOO...

WHY I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU.

I *GOT* ONE OF THE GUYS WHO KILLED YOUR *DAD*.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU *"GOT"* HIM?

I MEAN I HAVE HIM *CHAINED UP* ... ACROSS TOWN...

NOBODY *ASKED* YOU TO DO THAT.

I KNOW...

BUT I ALREADY *DID* IT... SO...

DON'T YOU WANT TO AT LEAST *TALK* TO THIS GUY?

...AHH...
FUCK...

LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN DEAD A *WHILE.*

WHAT DID YOU *HIT* HIM WITH?

BASEBALL BAT.

HE'S GOT A FRACTURED SKULL...

SHIT... I'M *SORRY,* MAN...

HOW DO YOU EVEN KNOW FOR *SURE* THIS WAS ONE OF THEM?

HYDE SOLD ME HIS NAME.

HE WAS PART OF A *GANG* UP THERE... IT CHECKED OUT.

YOU *BELIEVE* SEBASTIAN HYDE?

JESUS... HE PROBABLY JUST WANTED SOMEONE TO GET *RID* OF THIS GUY.

NO... NO WAY...

HE CHECKED OUT.

I GUESS WE'LL NEVER KNOW.

CAN YOU HELP ME GET RID OF HIM?

I LET JEN TAKE THE CAR I'VE BEEN USING.

NO... I'M NOT CLEANING UP YOUR MESSES ANYMORE.

WHAT?

YOU NEVER THINK AHEAD, RICKY.

THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN YOUR PROBLEM.

HEY -- FUCK YOU!

AT LEAST I'M TRYING TO DO SOMETHING!

WELL... DON'T.

IF I WANT YOUR HELP, I'LL ASK FOR IT.

For a second, Ricky wants to scream...

But then he remembers the night his own *father* died...

He remembers how Teeg's blood was everywhere...

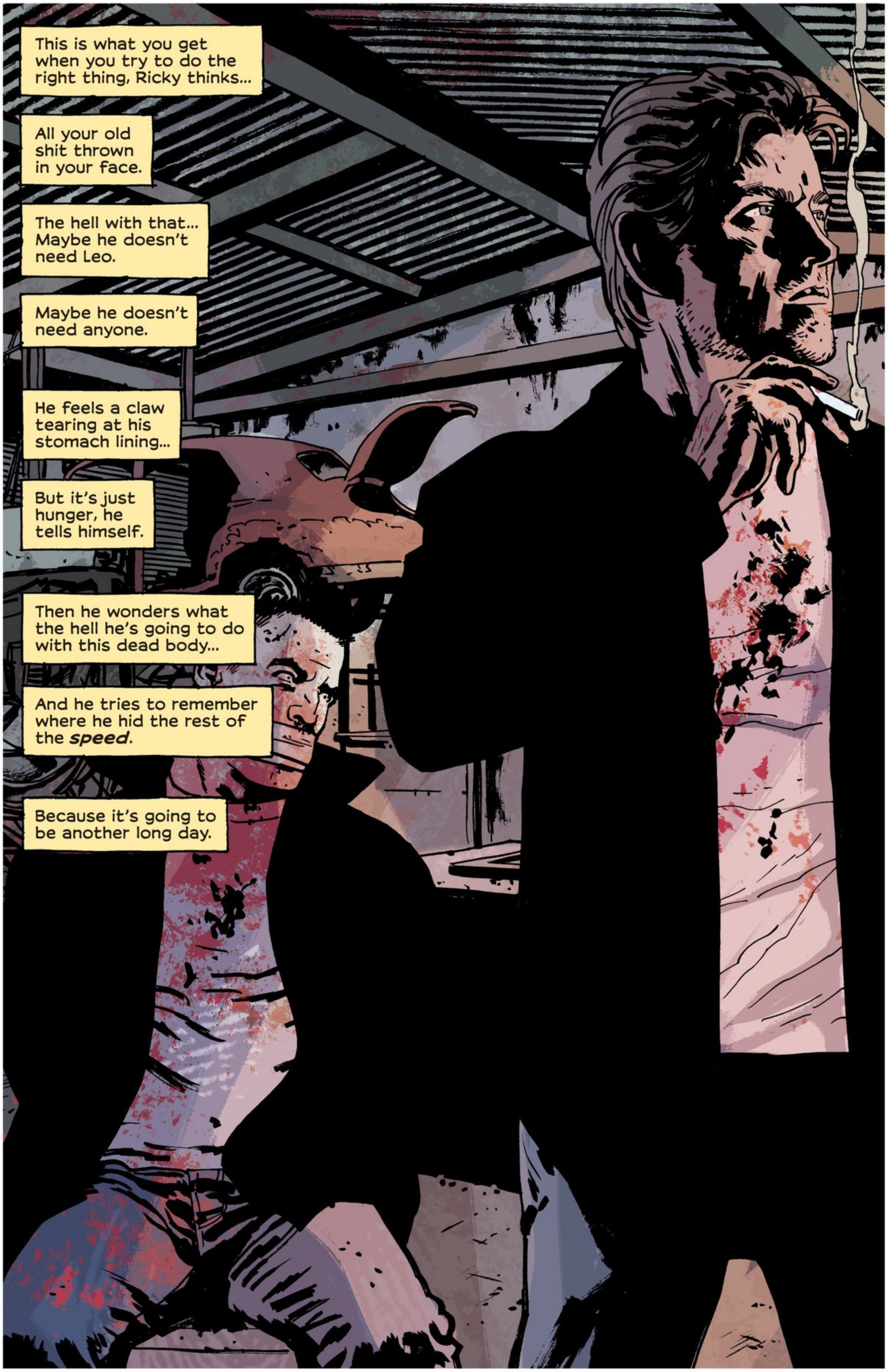
On Ricky's face, in his hair... All over Leo's clothes...

It took so long for them to clean off all the blood.

OKAY, THEN... SCREW YOU.

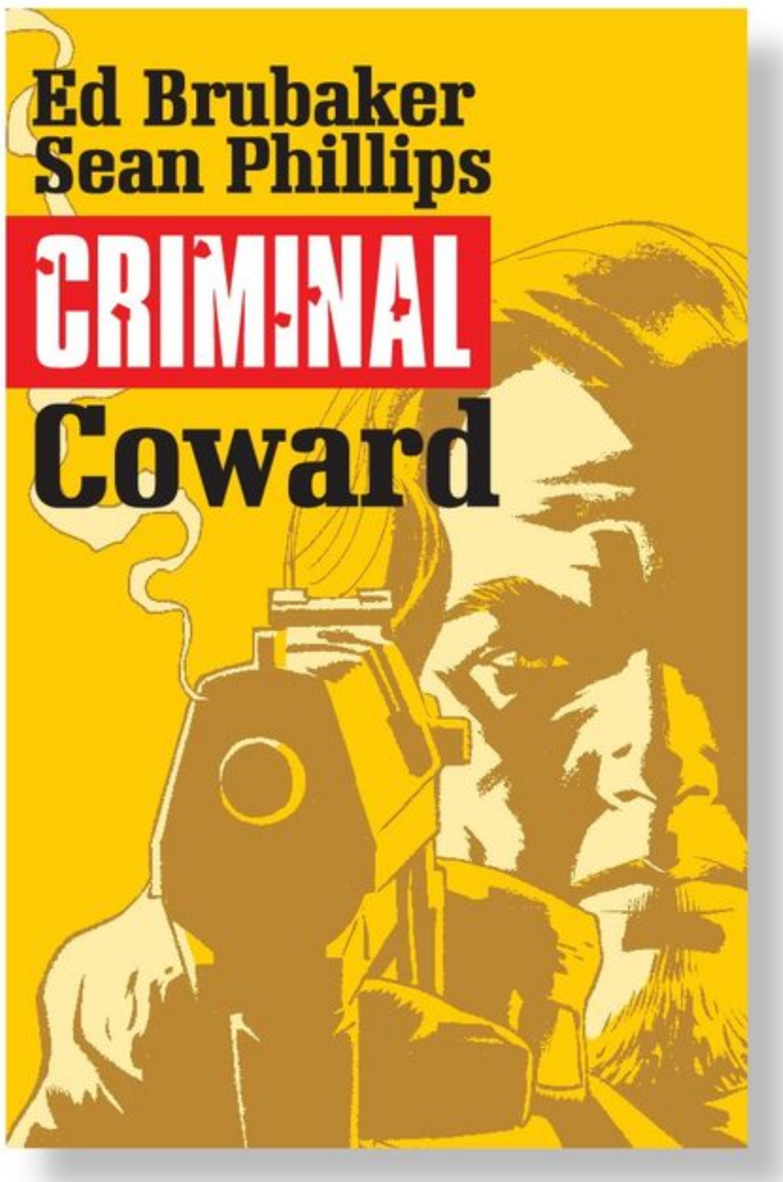
FINE. SEEYA LATER.

YEAH... MUCH LATER.


This is what you get when you try to do the right thing, Ricky thinks...
All your old shit thrown in your face.
The hell with that... Maybe he doesn't need Leo.
Maybe he doesn't need anyone.
He feels a claw tearing at his stomach lining...
But it's just hunger, he tells himself.
Then he wonders what the hell he's going to do with this dead body...
And he tries to remember where he hid the rest of the *speed*.
Because it's going to be another long day.

And that's our night with Ricky Lawless... I hope you all enjoyed it as much as I did.

This issue and issue #1 both ended with references to the death of Teeg Lawless, an event that our longtime readers may recall was first mentioned in COWARD, our very first CRIMINAL story.



The Secret Ingredient is Crime

Well, starting next issue, we're finally going to tell the story of how Teeg died, and all the other complicated stories that happen around it. And I hope you're happy to hear that, because I think this is going to be the ultimate CRIMINAL story.

***

On the "stuff Ed likes" front, I've got a few recommendations…

CONAN THE BARBARIAN and SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN – Marvel got back the *Conan* license, and they're doing a great job on these so far. They did a big hardback of the Barry Smith stuff, and have two monthly comics coming out – the first by Jason Aaron (*Scalped, Southern Bastards, Thor, The Goddamned*) and the other by Gerry Duggan (*Deadpool, Analog*, so many other comics). I had a lot of fun with the first few issues of the comics, and the art – by Mahmud Asrar and Ron Garney, respectively - is great in both books. I don't know if you grew up with these books like I did, or have a nostalgic fondness for barbarian criminals, but if so, check them out.

MIRACLE WORKERS – A TV show about the bureaucracy of the afterlife, and the clock-punchers who make miracles happen. Steve Buscemi is perfect as God. One of the funniest things on television right now.

GAME OF THRONES – By the time this comic is out *Game of Thrones* will be back. Don't call me on Sunday nights for a while. (As if anyone who knows me reads this page).

***

Okay, let's get some questions answered…

Alan Bowman asks:

The scenes in CRIMINAL issue # 1, pertaining to the old wrestler in Japan really intrigued me, so I wondered if either Ed or Sean have ever been to Japan and what were your experiences?

I have never been to Japan, though I do plan to go someday. At least to see the Studio Ghibli museum. But Sean and some of his artist friends went to Tokyo just a few months back, for some kind of expo or something, and as I recall, he loved it.

Side note -- That wrestling/diamond heist story is loosely based on the actual biggest diamond heist in Japan, actually. And that hotel was a Frank Lloyd Wright.

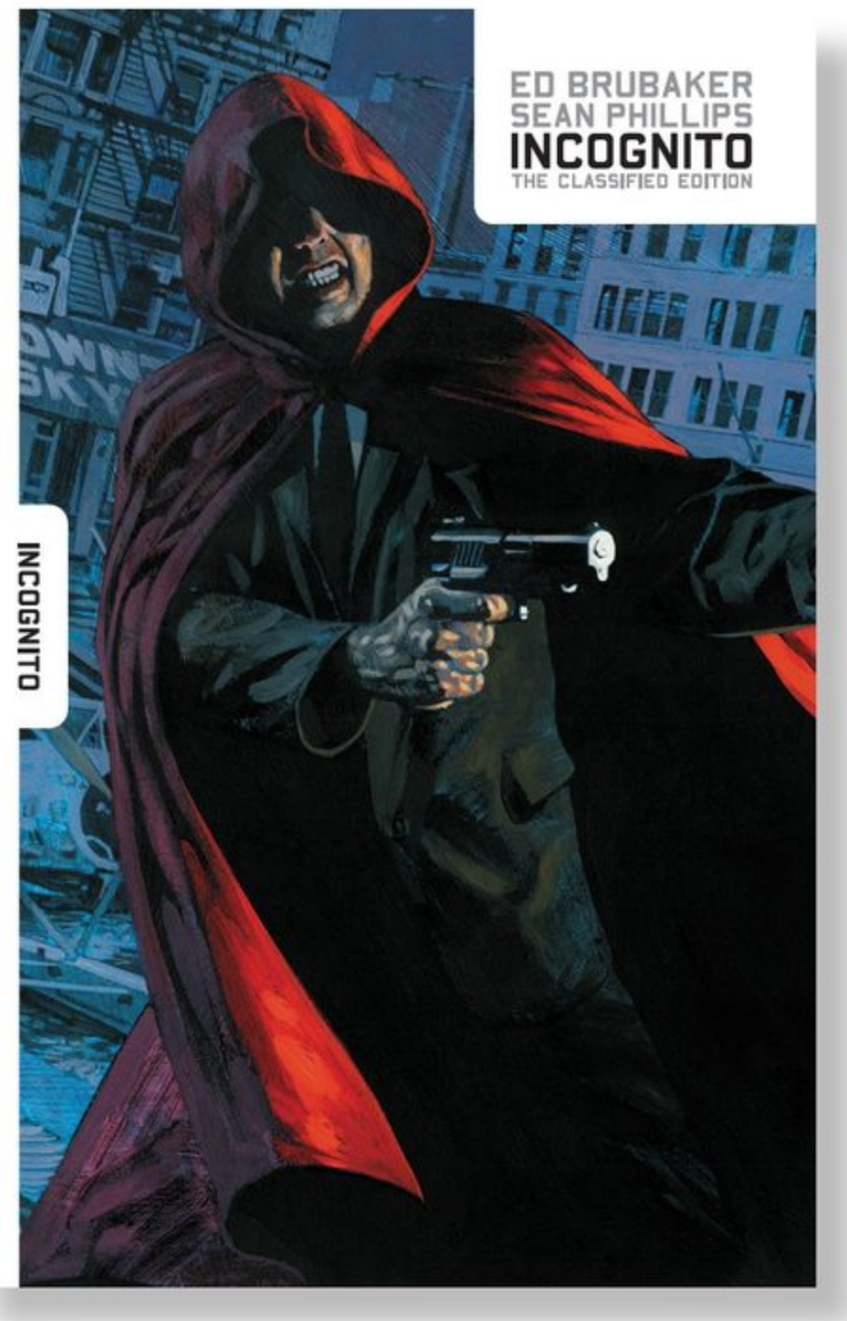
***

Up next, Micah Hall asked:

I wanted to ask about the status of INCOGNITO. Personally, it's my favorite series (like picking my children) created by Ed and Sean. I don't really hear you guys discuss it as much as your other series. Is this because you all weren't happy with it? Because it's tied up at Marvel's languishing Icon imprint? Any chance it will be coming to Image or starting a new series with that cast?

And Joey Stipak had a similar question:

I recently started reading comics again after a lay-off of a few years. I started again with the new CRIMINAL series from Image. I noticed in the back pages of issue two, you have adverts for other creator owned works



you've published with Sean Phillips. I remember one you did with him called INCOGNITO. Is it out of print or is there a rights issue? Do you plan to publish an edition similar to the recent softcover edition of THE FADE OUT?

INCOGNITO is currently only available in a deluxe hardback edition, the INCOGNITO CLASSIFIED EDITION.

The paperbacks are out of print right now, initially because I thought a movie was going to go into production (long story) and so I'd been waiting to do a new printing to coincide with that, but we will be looking at getting the trades out in new editions through Image soon. I'm not sure if we'll do another sequel to it. We enjoyed working on it and it was a big hit for us, but it's still a twist on the superhero genre, and I'm not sure that's something we feel like trying our hand at again, at least not right now.

***

BAD WEEKEND collected!

By the time this issue hits, the July solicitations should be out, so I can tell you our big plan. Reaction to our second and third issues was so strong that our publisher, Eric Stephenson, asked us to release BAD WEEKEND as a standalone graphic novel, just in time for convention season.

And the part that I'm most thrilled about is that Sean and I are *expanding* it into a 72 page hardback novella, adding several completely new scenes (stuff I couldn't fit into the issues that we now have room for) and making other minor tweaks here and there. It's kind of like an extended director's cut version. Or like the comics was the first draft and the book is the definitive version.

Anyway, this will be released in the same beautiful hardback format as MY HEROES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN JUNKIES, for those of you who picked that up. Look for it in early July. (And I'm sure I'll remind you next issue).

***

This month in our back pages, we have another great article from Kim Morgan, this time about WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD, a film by the great William Wellman. And Sean illustrates beautifully, as usual.

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Okay, that's it for this issue. Send questions and comments to: criminalcomic@gmail.com

We'll be back in early June with the start of THE SUMMER OF '88, the epic story of Teeg Lawless's death, which begins with a private detective on the hunt…

PUBLICATIONS
TODAY

Wild Boys on the Road

by
Kim Morgan
illustrated by
Sean Phillips

Eddie: [to the judge] I knew all that stuff about you helping us was baloney. I'll tell you why we can't go home—because our folks are poor. They can't get jobs and there isn't enough to eat. What good will it do you to send us home to starve? You say you've got to send us to jail to keep us off the streets. Well, that's a lie. You're sending us to jail because you don't want to see us. You want to forget us. But you can't do it because I'm not the only one. There's thousands just like me, and there's more hitting the road every day.

Tommy: You read in the papers about giving people help. The banks get it. The soldiers get it. The breweries get it. And they're always yelling about giving it to the farmers. What about us? We're kids!

These are kids. In William Wellman's depression-era *Wild Boys of the Road* – these young people jumping trains, fighting off railway men, scraping and scrapping to survive – are, really, just kids. Not wizened hoboes or street-smart tough guys – kids. In gorgeously-gritty, location-shot scenes with unflinching documentary feel, they hop trains, quick and nimble, for they are full of life and vigor, but their vulnerability against those hulking steam engines is ever noticeable – they always appear like they could be squashed like bugs – by the merciless machines and, certainly, by society. And, indeed, one of the kids *is* run over – his leg will be amputated.

Even as positive and as tough as some of them try to be, you feel an air of doom around them, you see their innocence and belief in something brighter on the precipice of fading away. (One of the girls, in a terrifying scene, is raped by a railroad brakeman). You see that, in a few years, maybe even a few months, they're going to become hardened, burned out or turn to full-time lives of crime, mostly out of necessity. And who could blame them? They could become another Tom Powers a la Wellman's *The Public Enemy* (in which *Wild Boys* Frankie Darro played Powers' childhood buddy) or just a regular down-an-out petty thief – nothing Cagney-charisma about it – one of those types who may even eventually thieve from the more gullible, from those younger than them – stealing from who they once were. Oh, no. You sure hope they don't become like that. You sure hope they don't become mean and cold-hearted.

Wellman's protagonists here – Darro as Eddie Smith, Edwin Phillips as Tommy Gordon and Dorothy Coonan (later Dorothy Coonan Wellman) as Sally (who dresses like a boy) – are sweet and complex and full of love for each other, and their friendship is heartbreakingly touching. So when bad things happen to these kids, like Tommy losing his leg – you despair for them. Tommy says, before his leg is amputated, all tough and sad to Eddie: "Shucks, what do I care about an old leg? Just think, from now on, when I get a pair of new shoes, I'll only have to break in one of them." That's both trying to harden yourself when you're terrified and trying to remain optimistic at the same time. It's an understandable way to live given these kids' circumstances, but they should be what they are at that moment – kids.

And then there's the fact that Eddie and Tommy set out on the road because their parents couldn't find work – the two young teens are first presented as kids going to dances and leading pretty regular lives, albeit with poverty creeping in – until their parents are crushed by the depression. They care about their parents and try what they can to help before embarking on the road (Eddie sells his beloved jalopy to help his dad and pretends he doesn't care about it) and as they go through fear and some fun on the road, but mostly a lot of hell, they bond and care even more about each other, and you really, truly care about them. As Wellman clearly did too. This was, according to Wellman's son, among his favorite films. In William Wellman, Jr.'s biography of his father, "*Wild Bill Wellman: Hollywood Rebel*," he wrote that the movie reminded his father "of his own troubled youth." And he worked hard on the picture – reportedly going over budget to maintain his on-location, documentary-style vision. It's a beautifully shot picture (by cinematographer Arthur L. Todd) and in moments, bracingly real, *scary*, particularly as it's addressing direct social issues of the day.

Tough, realistic and uncompromising (until the end –the ending was changed and softened and feels tacked on) *Wild Boys of the Road* still astonishes the viewer all these decades later. It's also exciting, incredibly tender and moving, thanks largely to Darro's soulful performance and Wellman's two-fisted sensitivity. *Wild Boys* was released the same year as Wellman's other masterful, harrowing pre-coder, *Heroes for Sale* (1933 was one of those incredibly prolific pre-code years for Wellman, he released six pictures – he also shot seventeen uncredited scenes of the picture, *Female*) and it takes on the concerns he cared about, the concerns of kids. Again, these are kids, and Frankie Darro (who grew up in the circus, and who stood five feet three inches tall) was around 15 here, and looks even younger at times. In stature. His face, however, is all tough and sensitive – a poignant presence, he's already got a lot of wisdom in his eyes. But, again, he's a kid growing up too fast.

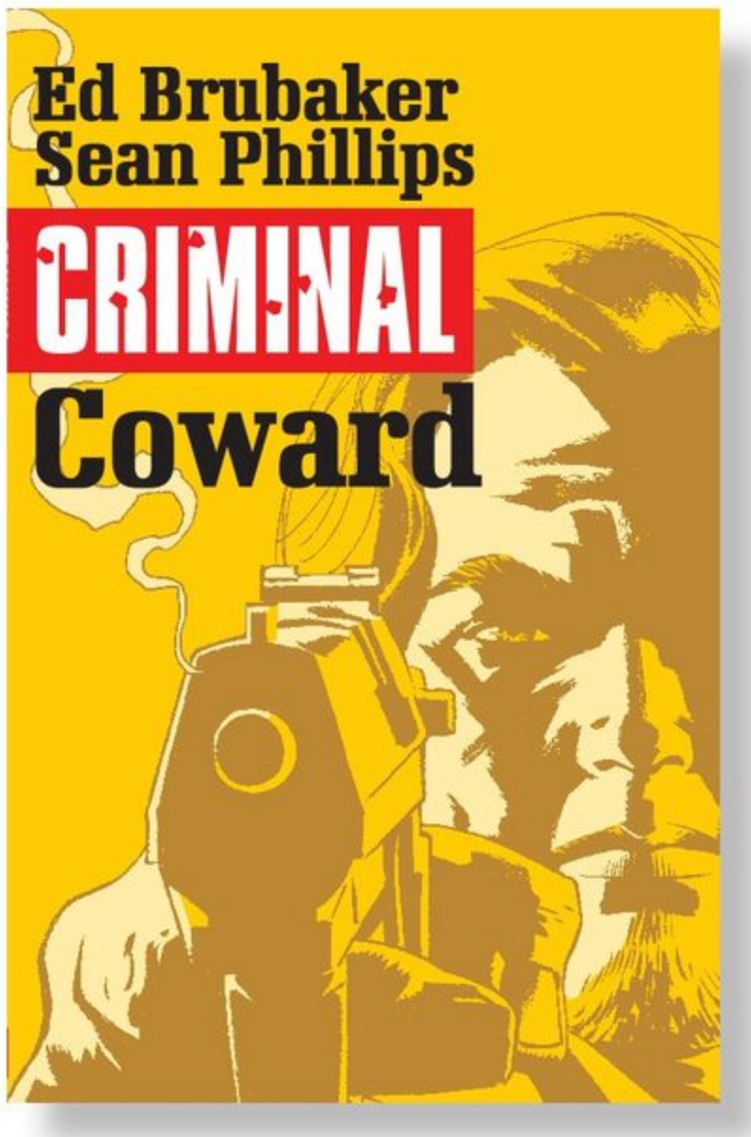
It seems the idea that kids were the protagonists of this depression-era picture was upsetting (which is why the picture is so damn powerful), and to some keeping tabs on the filmmaking, too upsetting. Wellman was asked to shoot an alternate happy ending. As I said, it feels strange and forced, so much so that the happiness the kids feel at the end doesn't seem like it's going to last. That this was just one of those freak breaks that never happens in life and maybe it won't really happen – for real. As detailed in William Wellman, Jr.'s biography about his father, this was not what Wellman wanted. The intended ending (after the kids are busted for something they're not guilty of) went like this:

"The judge reads the sentencing to the youngsters: 'Sally Clark. House of Corrections. One year, ten months. Thomas Gordon. County Farm. Eligible for probation in one year. Edward, the law compels me to send you to the State Reformatory. You will be confined there until you reach your twenty-first birthday. I'm sorry to do this—but the law leaves me no other alternative." The three kids are ushered by an attendant from the courtroom to a waiting police vehicle. As they drive away, the teenagers stare out the window at a world they won't be seeing for a long time. From an upper window of the court building, the judge watches their departure on the road to incarceration."

The ending Jack Warner insisted on, and what we see in the film now, is all three kids getting a break by a kindly judge (I've seen him compared to Roosevelt) who takes pity on them. See, the system isn't so bad… Well, it's such a weird ending that it makes Eddie's little moment of joy upon leaving the courthouse all the more powerful because, once again, we realize that this picture is about the deep bonds of friendship. Darro – a terrific acrobat (there's another scene in which he skillfully, and thrillingly jumps into a garbage can to hide) does a series of flips, including back flips and spins on his head. He's expressing how happy he is that he got a break. And it's beautifully moving. But then he notices Tommy eyeing him with envy, and Eddie's eyes fill with empathy – Tommy, with one leg, will never be able to leap and jump and flip like a young man again, his future is even more uncertain than Eddie's – and you see how much Eddie, who showed those same eyes for his poor father, feels for his best friend.

No matter what that judge said that's supposed to make us feel some hope, the world is still an uncertain place for these kids. But their hope in each other – even if the world might and probably will crush them – is enough to make one weep.

As Tommy exclaims, "What about us? We're kids!"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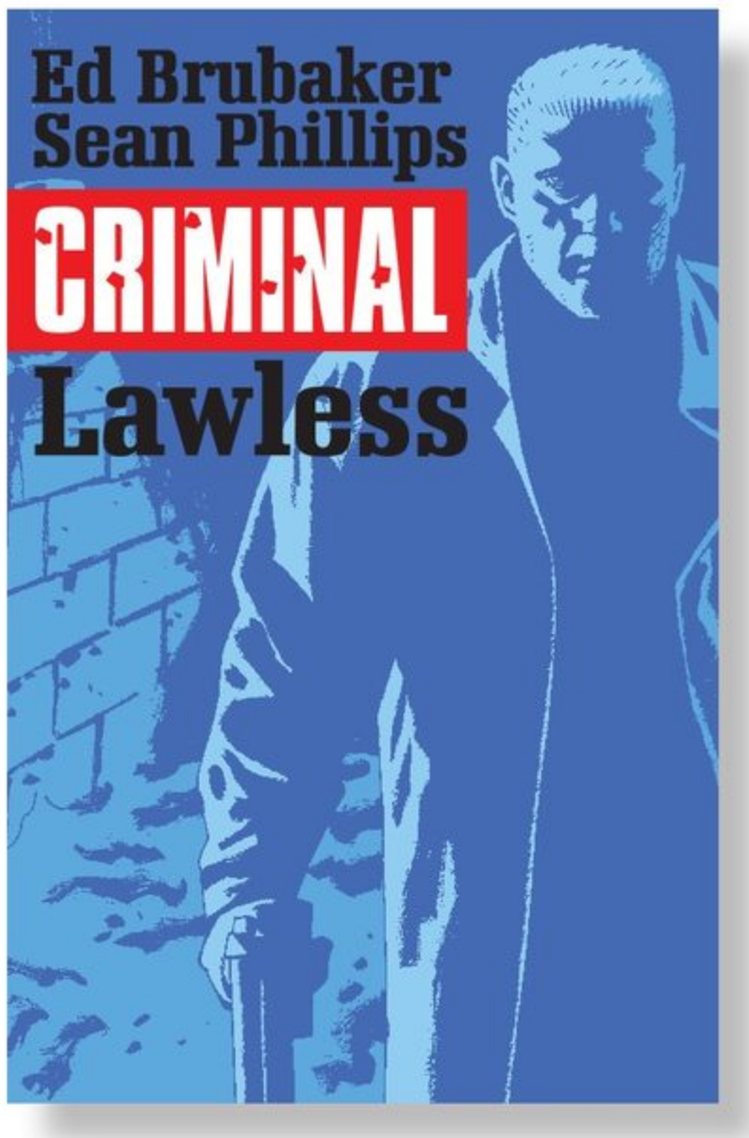
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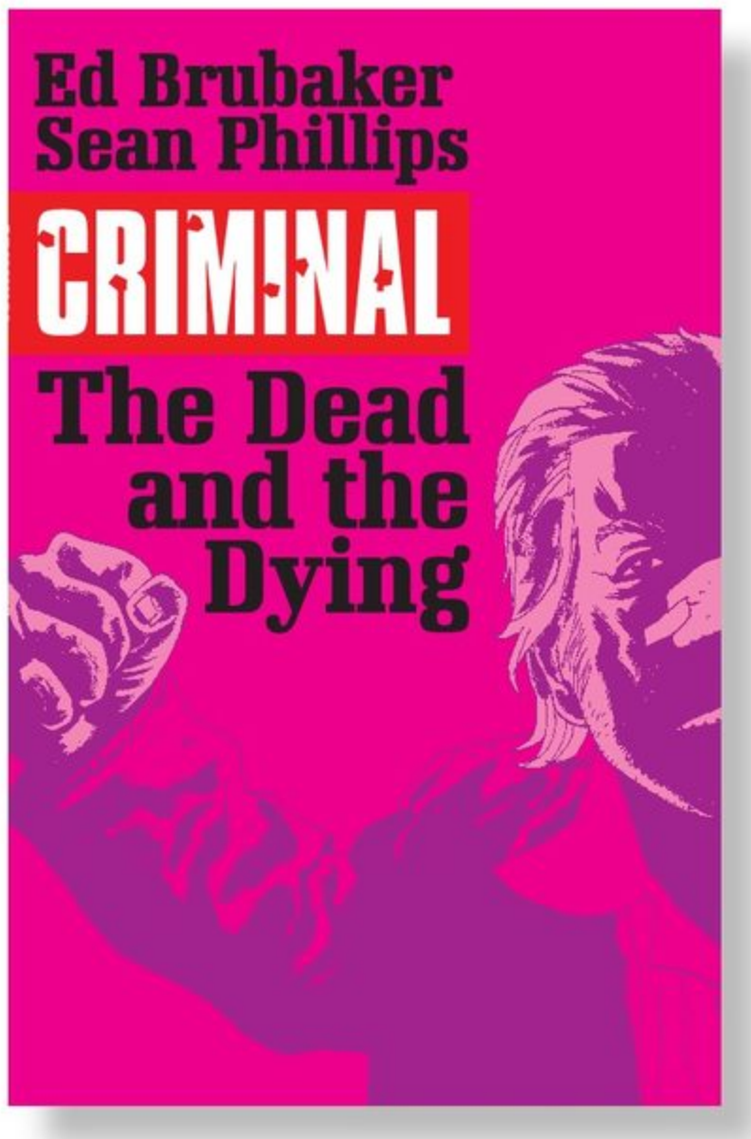
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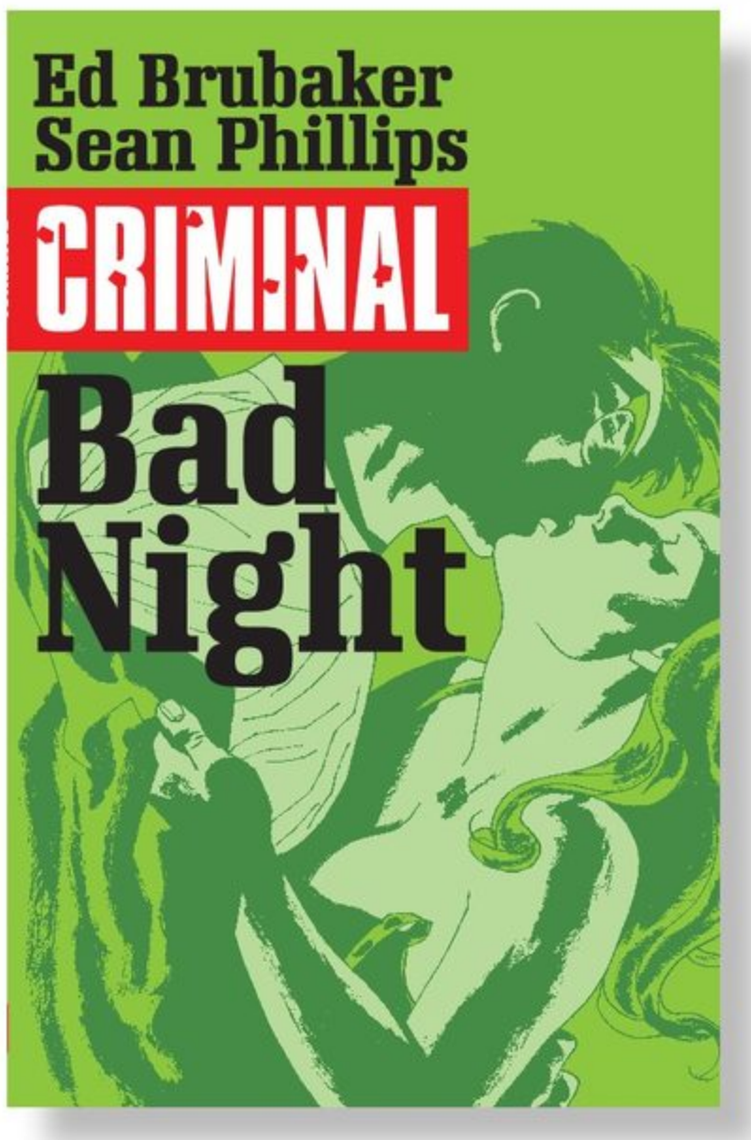
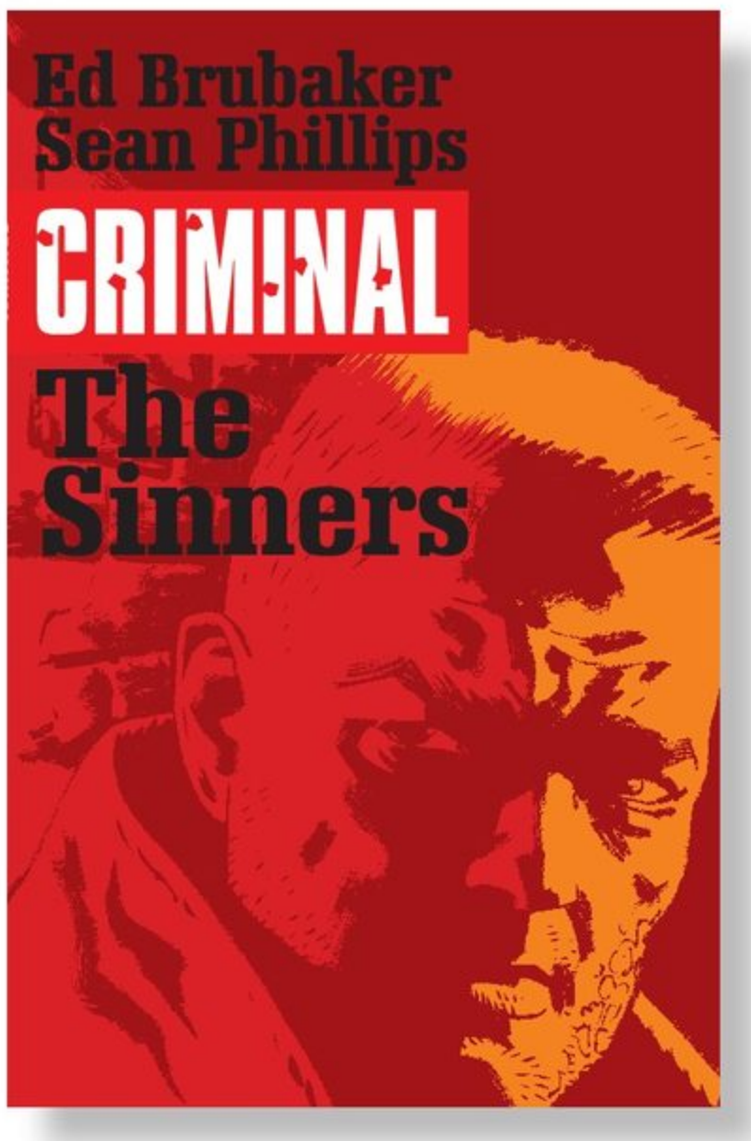
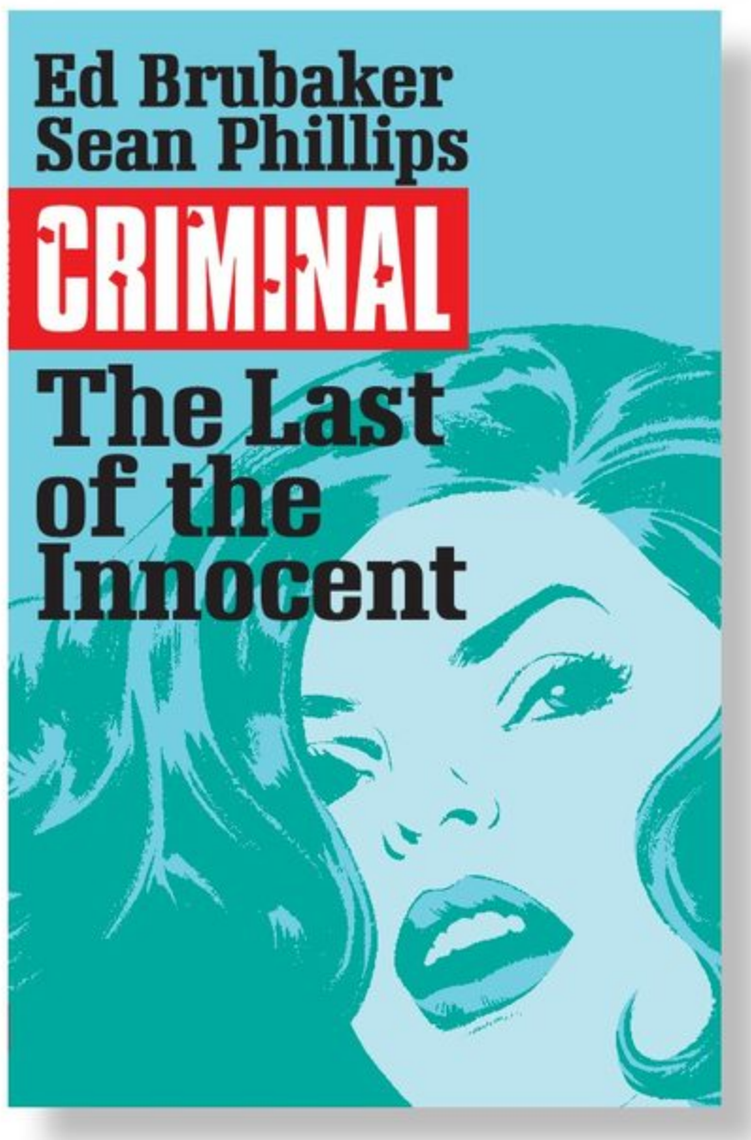
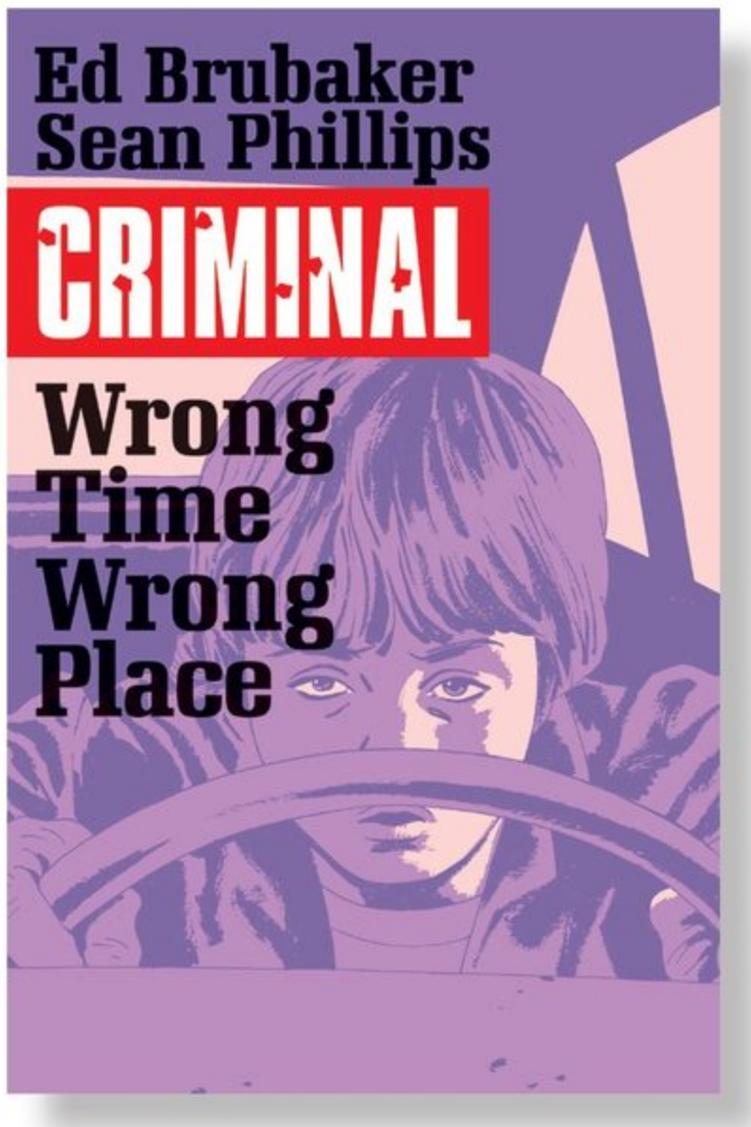
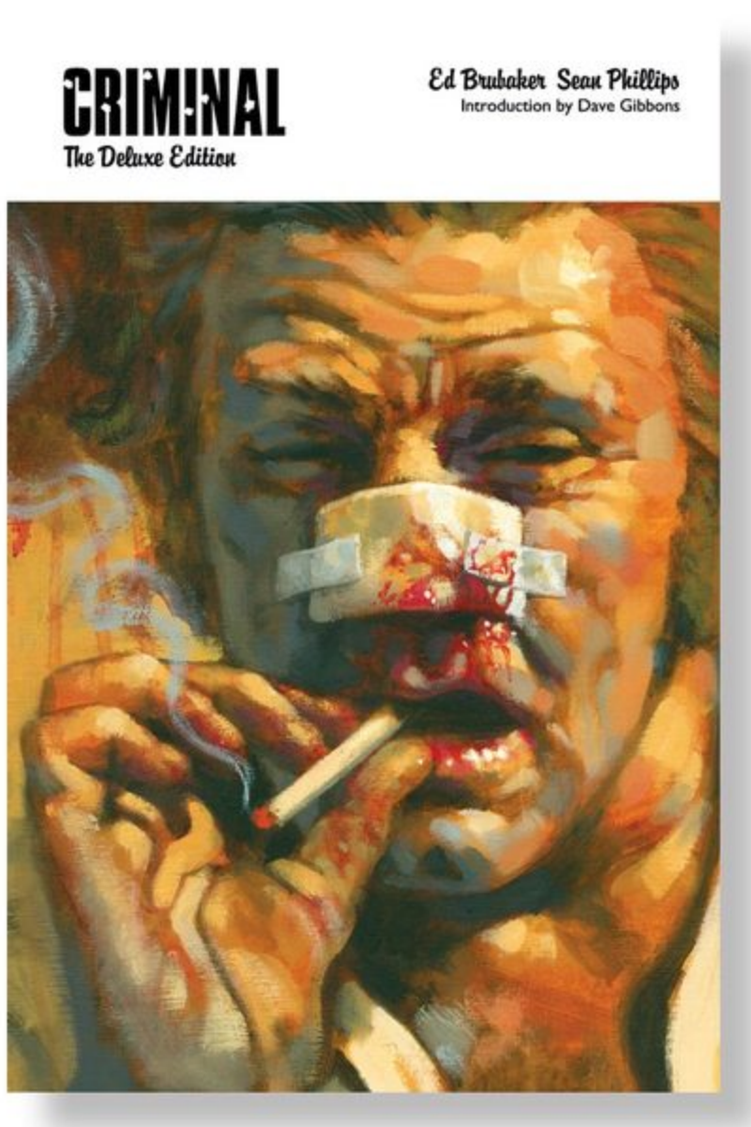
The Dead and the Dying


Ed Brubaker
Sean Phillips
CRIMINAL
Bad Night

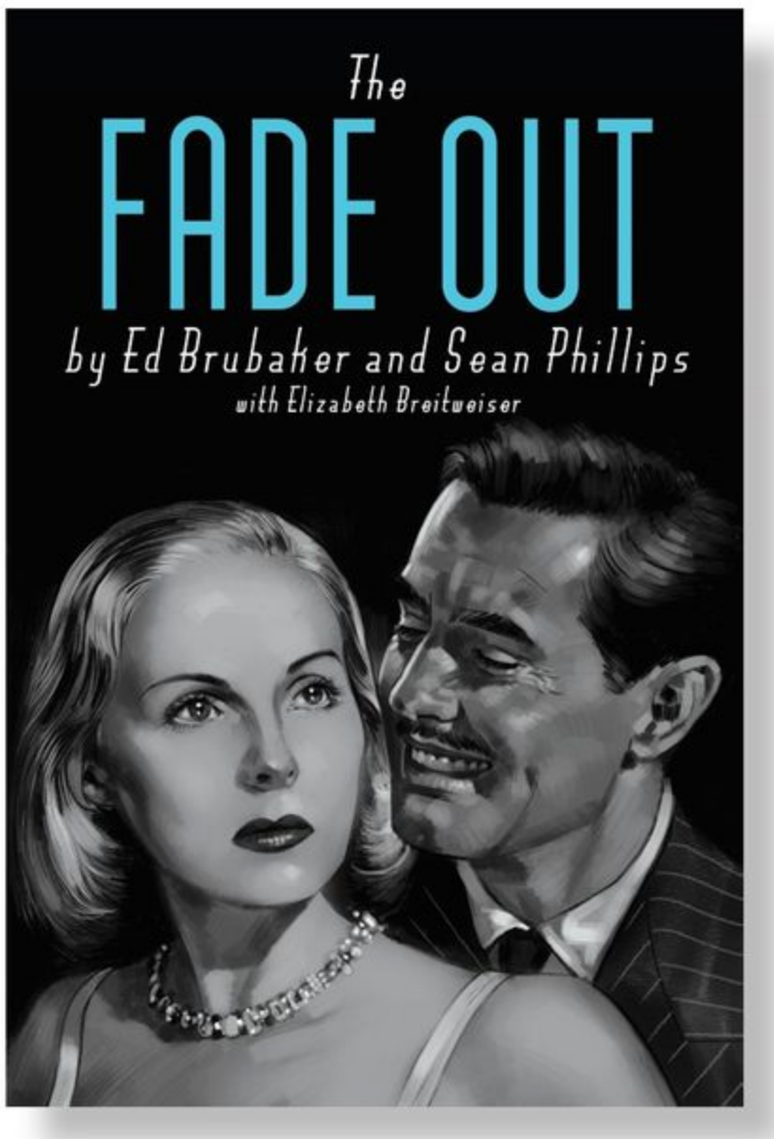

Ed Brubaker
Sean Phillips
CRIMINAL
The Sinners


Ed Brubaker
Sean Phillips
CRIMINAL
The Last of the Innocent

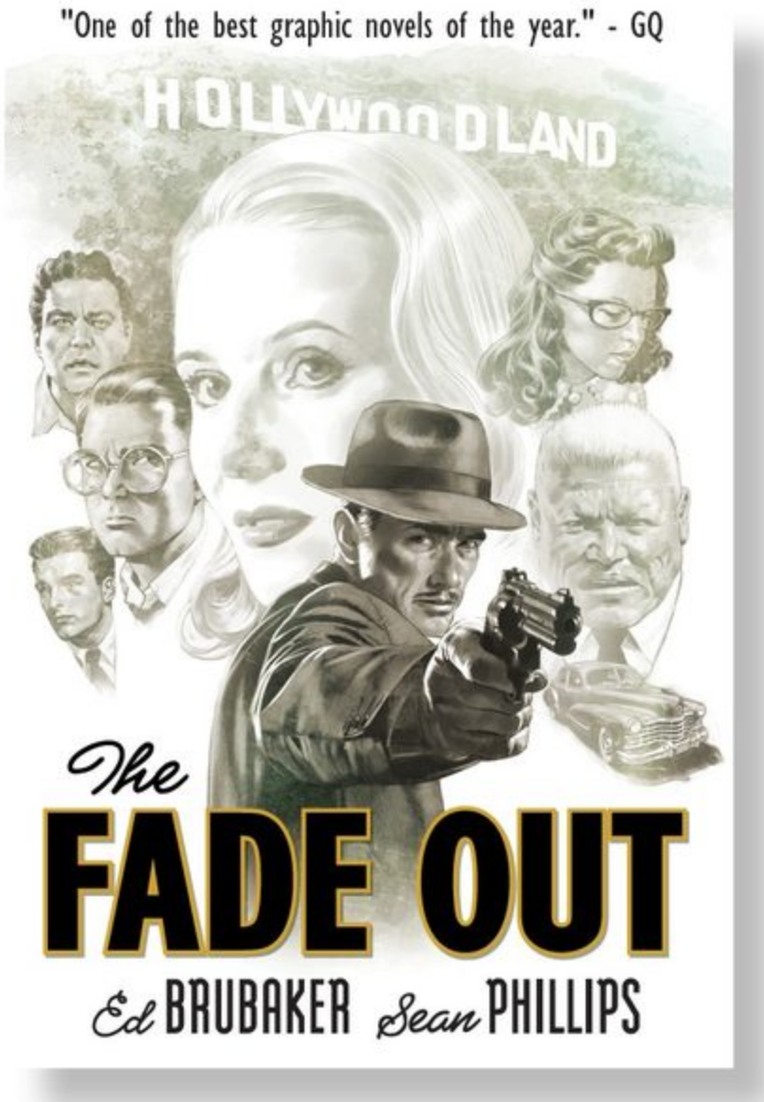

Ed Brubaker
Sean Phillips
CRIMINAL
Wrong Time Wrong Place


CRIMINAL
The Deluxe Edition
Ed Brubaker Sean Phillips
Introduction by Dave Gibbons

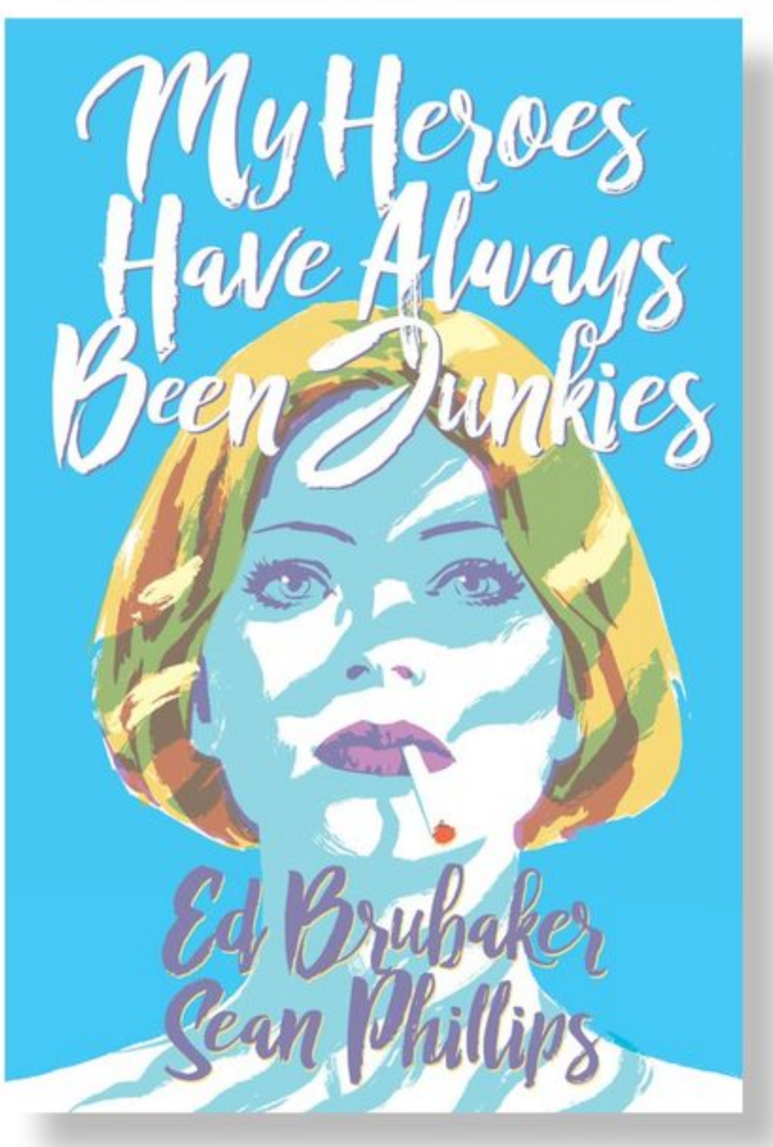
CRIMINAL
The Deluxe Edition Volume Two
Ed Brubaker Sean Phillips



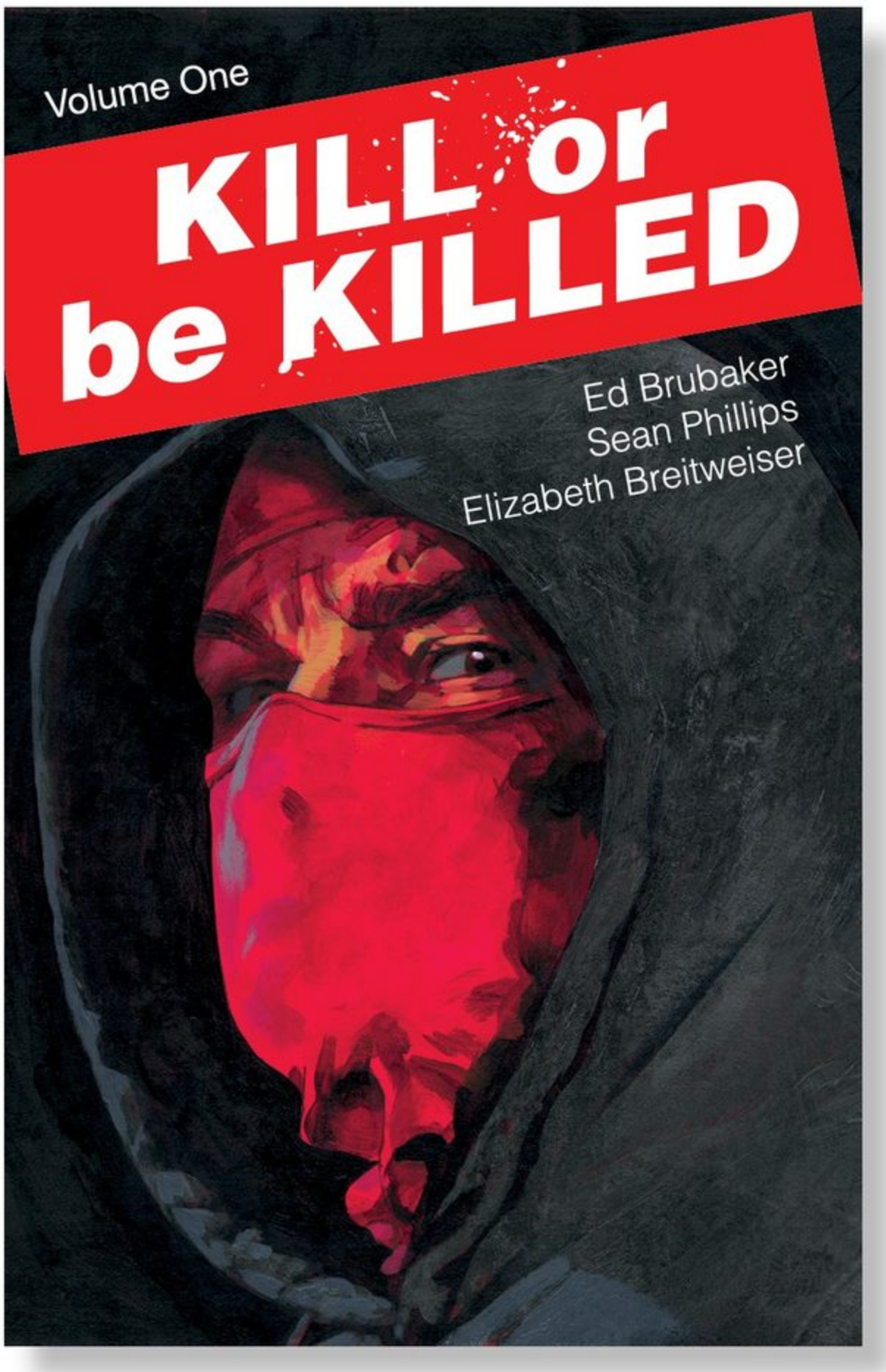
"CRIMINAL is equal parts John Woo's THE KILLER, Stanley Kubrick's THE KILLING, and Francis Ford Coppola's THE GODFATHER."
- Playboy Magazine

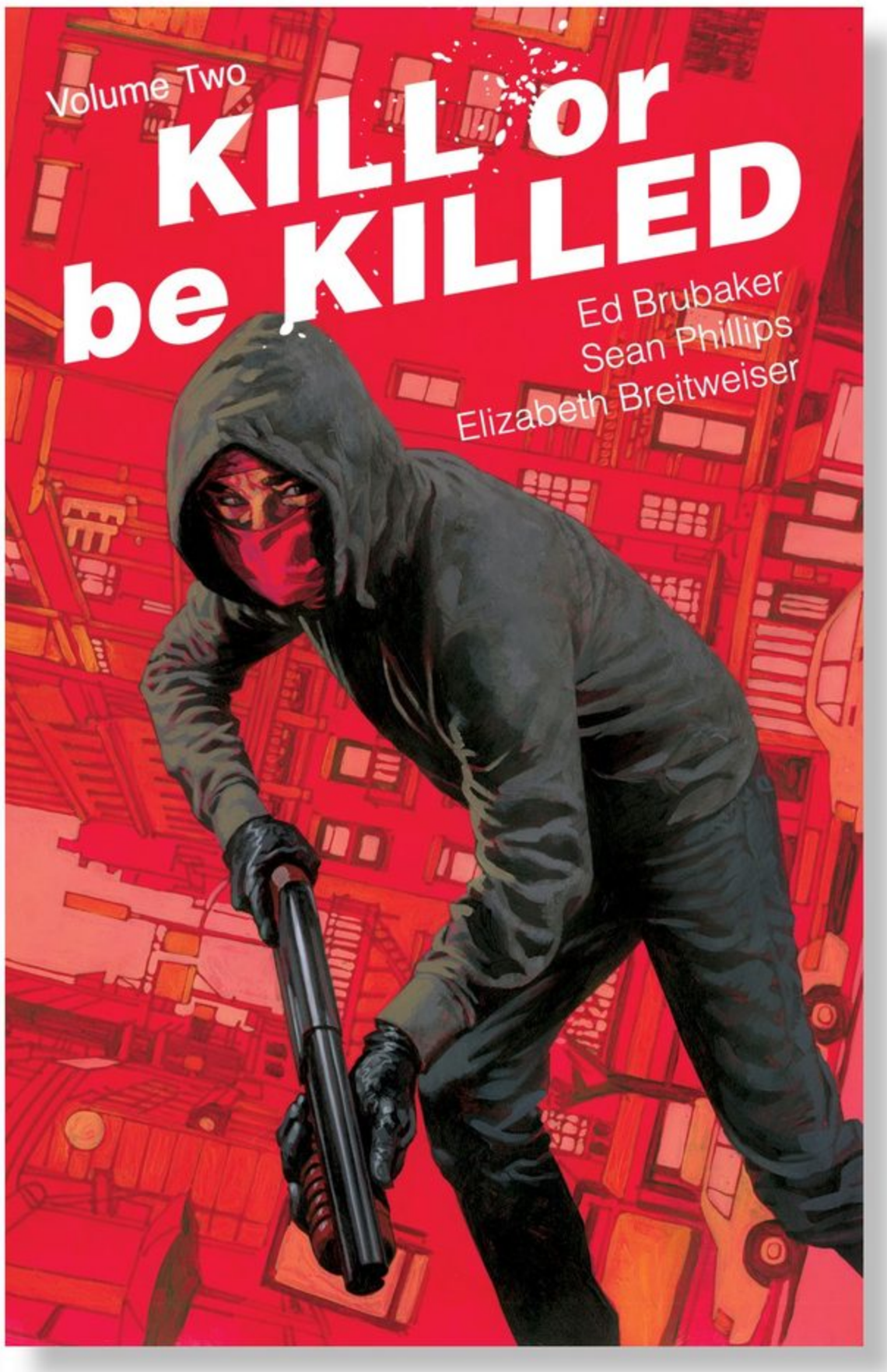


"One of comics dream teams delivers their best story yet in THE FADE OUT, an old Hollywood murder mystery draped against HUAC and the Red Scare."
- New York Magazine



Newsweek's Best Comic Books of 2018
Thrillist's Best Comics & Graphic Novels of 2018
Diamond Gem Award for Best Original Graphic novel 2018


Volume One
KILL or be KILLED
Ed Brubaker
Sean Phillips
Elizabeth Breitweiser


Volume Two
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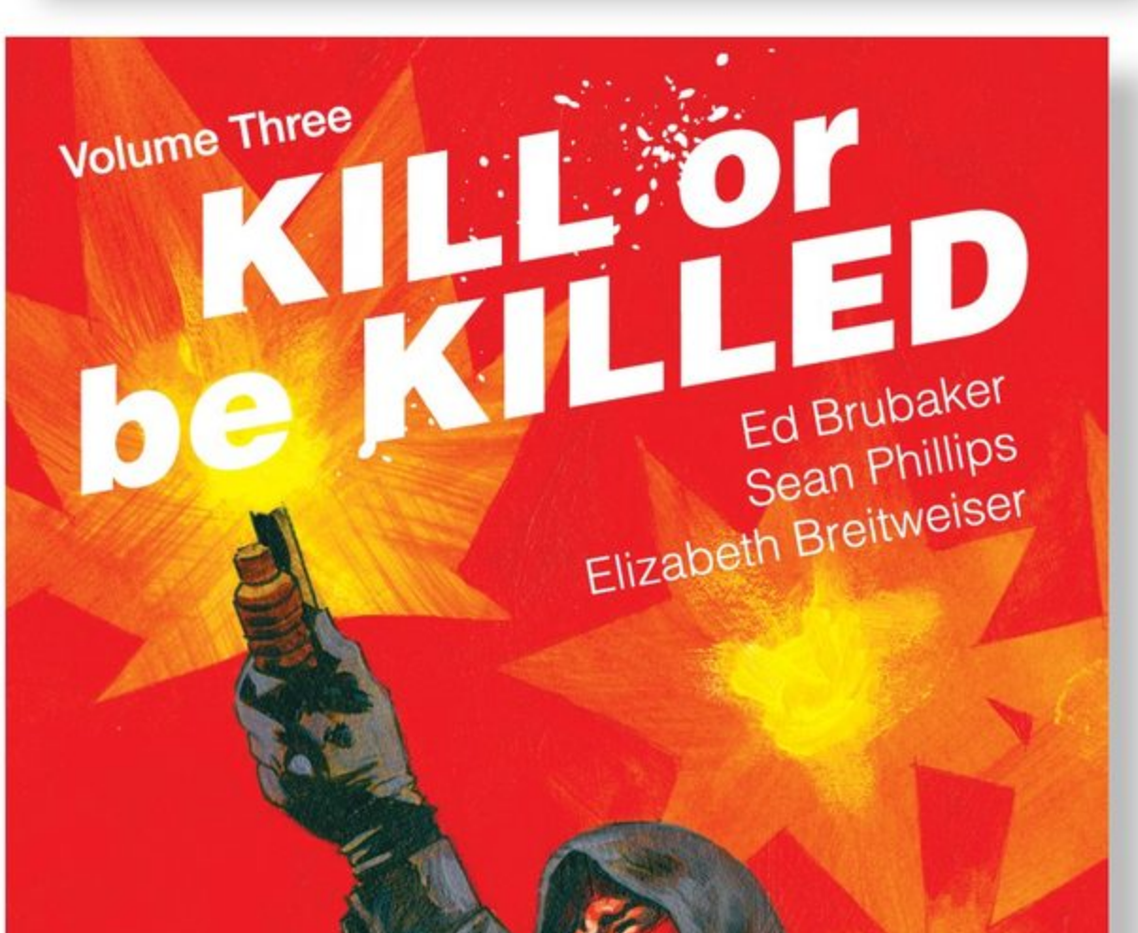
Volume Three
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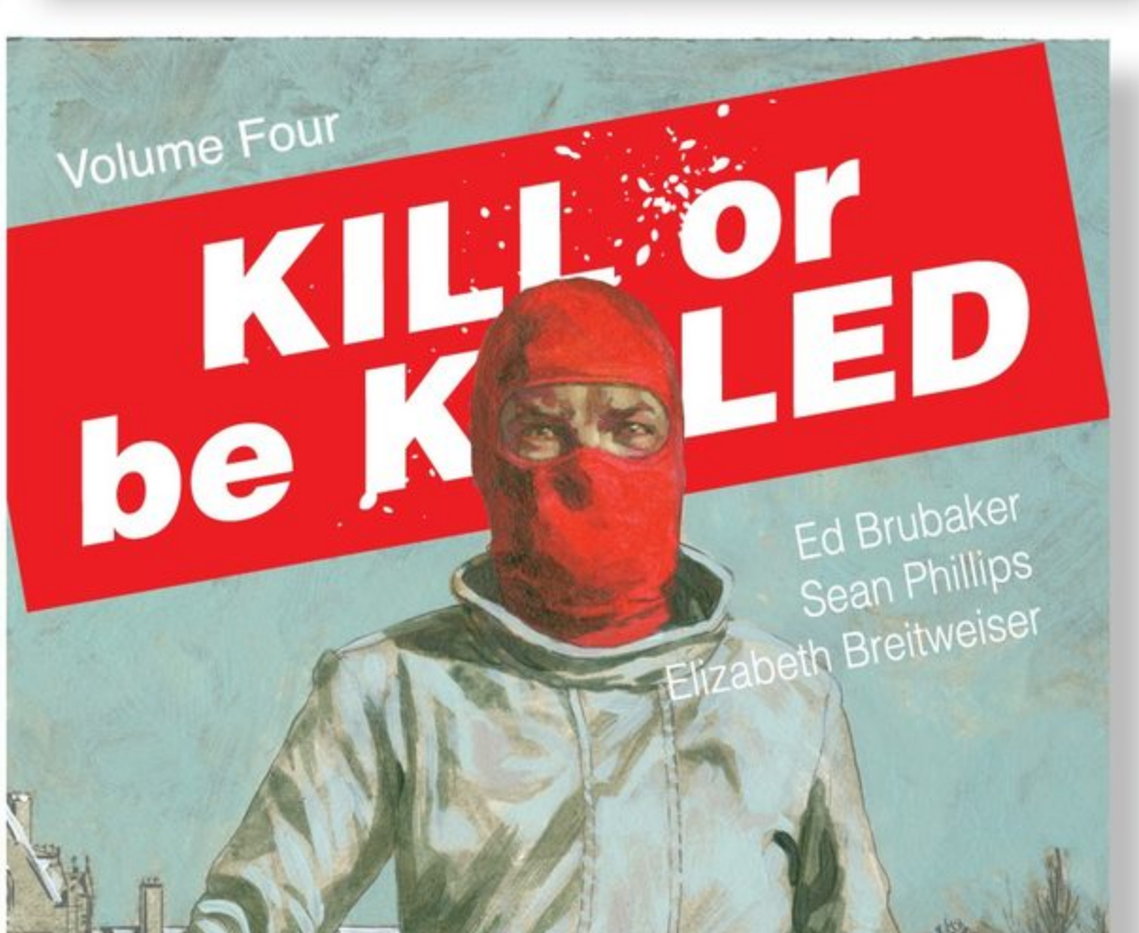
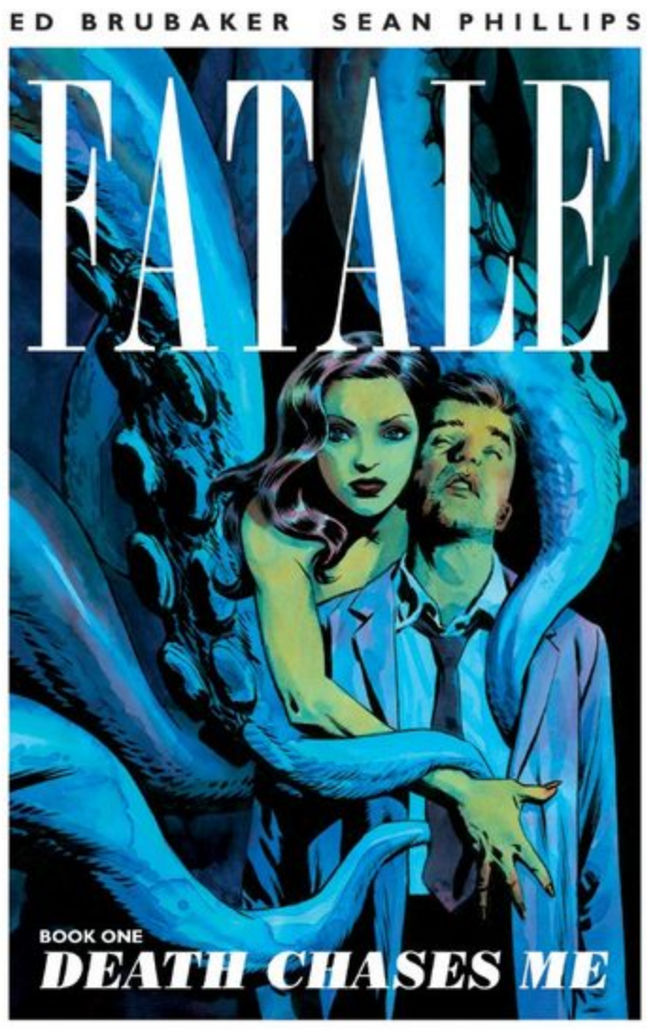
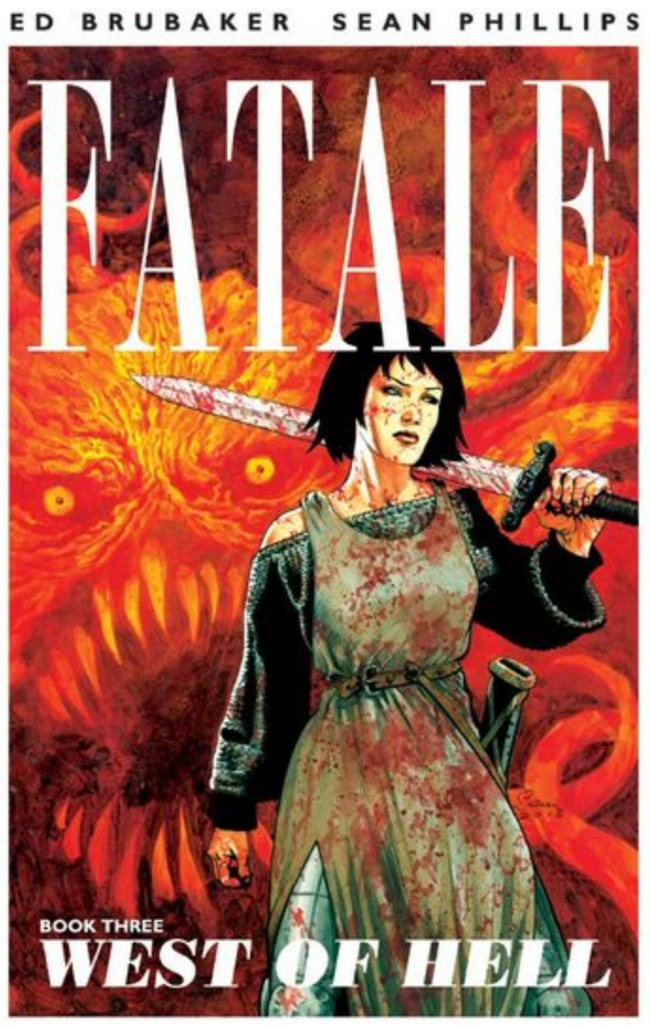
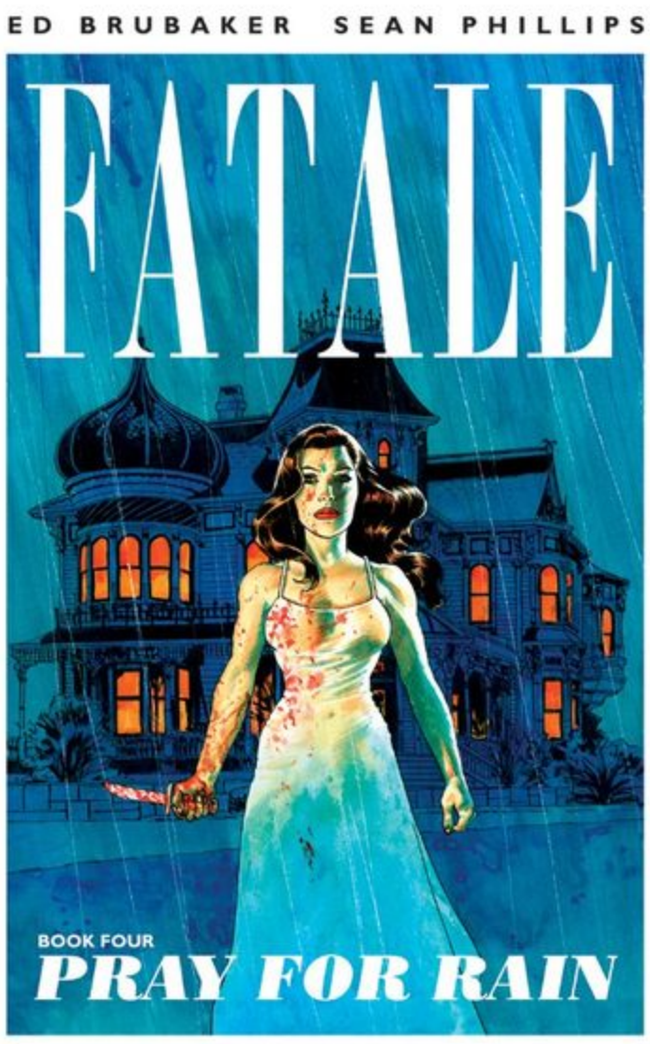
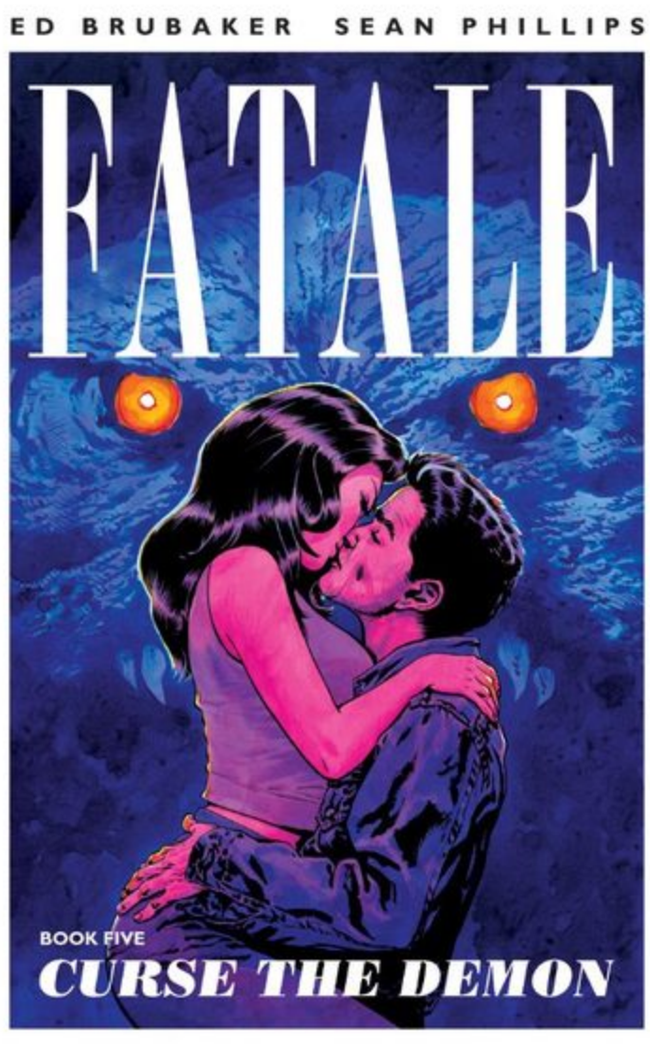
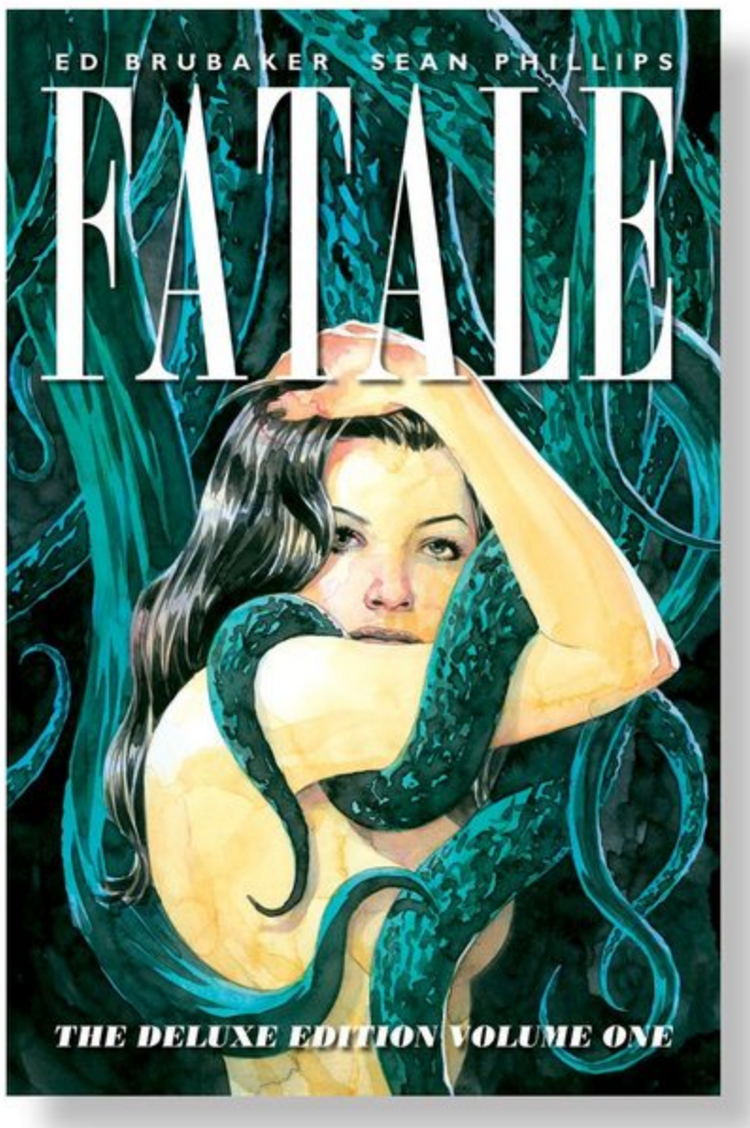

Volume Four
KILL or be KILLED
Ed Brubaker
Sean Phillips
Elizabeth Breitweiser

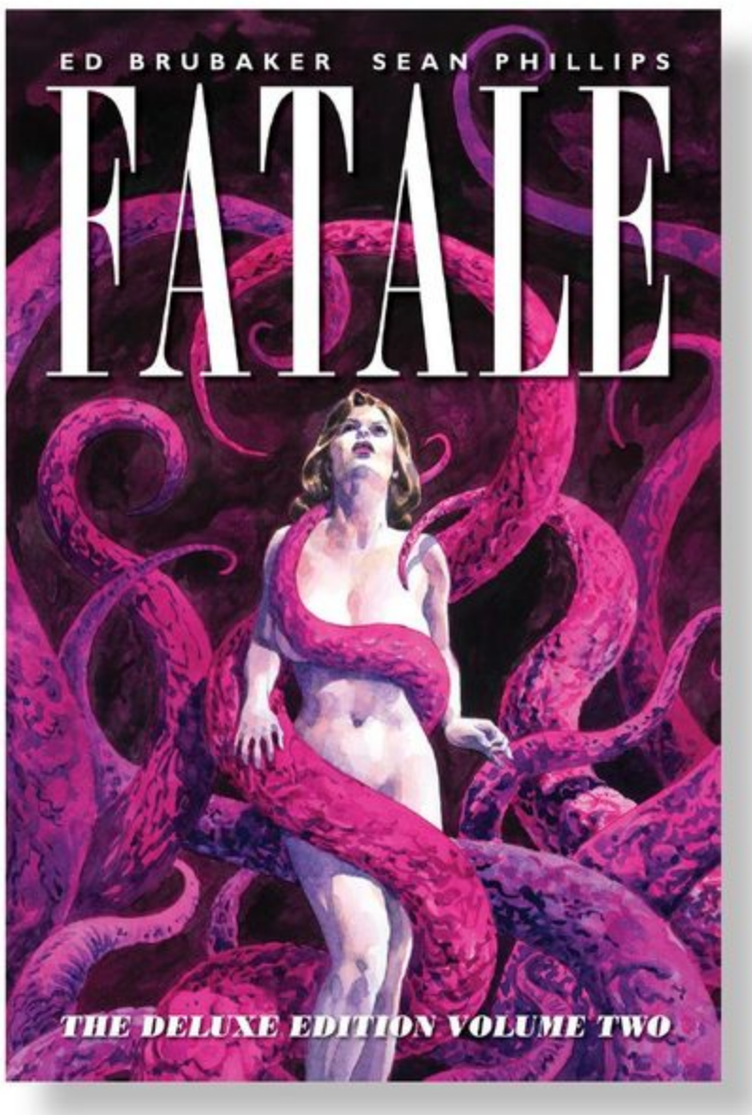






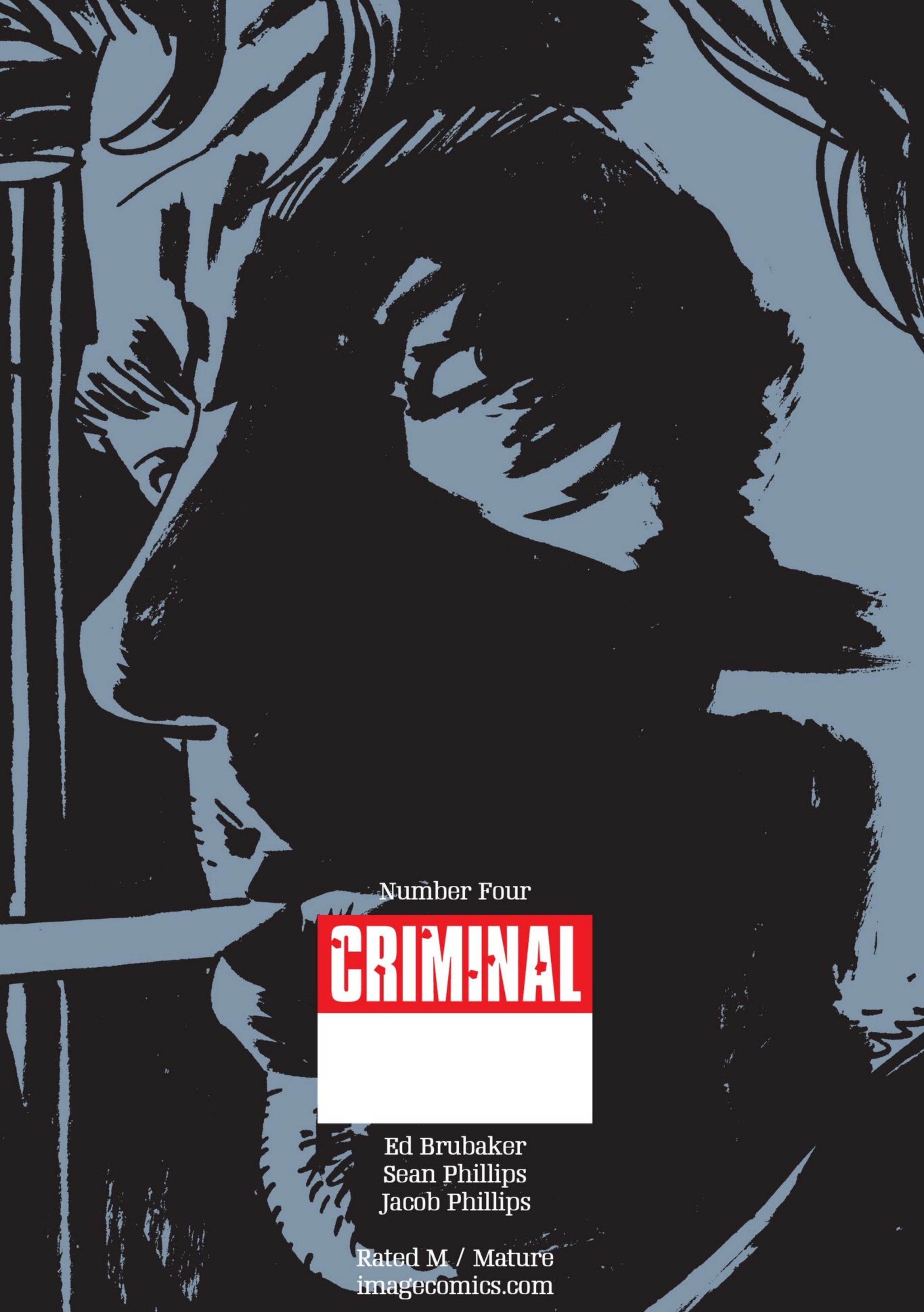






"Immortality may be a double-edged sword, but it's one the intoxicating Jo wields with a boundless grace in this addictive page-turner."

- Publishers Weekly



Number Four

CRIMINAL

Ed Brubaker
Sean Phillips
Jacob Phillips

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